

2975 Laurel Street #20
San Diego, California 92104

June 23, 1988

Dear Jim & Tonna,

It was just great visiting you folks once again. Other than a couple pounds here and there, you haven't changed a bit. The warmth, love, and hospitality was there in abundance, as always. And that made me feel just great. Lea and Zack are just beautiful, so down-to-earth, polite, well-spoken, and respectful. It was just a delight to be around them.

I especially enjoyed watching Zack play baseball. Picking strawberries was good clean American fun with lasting benefits. The berries lasted me all the way to California and I still wanted more.

The return trip was very pleasant. The weather and roads were great. I made it to 100 miles beyond St. Louis the first day. The next day I got beyond Denver--to Rifle, Colorado. By the time I got to Utah I was pretty tired so I took a day off from hard-core zooming and spent a day in Zion National Park--hiked a few trails and got some great photos. That night I stopped in Las Vegas long enough to drop \$60 in the slots and then split for California. After all that I was still in San Diego by noon on June 1st --less than 5 days after I left you. Thanks, Jim, for helping me to map out a good route.

As soon as I returned to San Diego I was plunged back into work, getting ready for the Lesbian/Gay Pride Parade & Festival. It was the first major public exposure for the Lesbian & Gay Archives of San Diego (my new organization) and so everything had to be perfect. I lined up 10 people and a 1929 model A Ford for our contingent in the parade--flags, banner's, balloons. We had 87 contingents in the parade this year with marching bands and floats and over 15,000 spectators --our biggest ever! Our festival, held on the parking lot in front of the Naval Hospital was also our best ever, with carnival rides, trash food, exhibits. Our archives group put together a large walk-through display that attracted hundreds of folks who were all very complementary. I felt very good about that because I had worked very hard on putting it all together.

The Friday night before the parade and festival was marked by the first-ever Pride Prom. Though I was not involved in the planning of that event, I did attend and took as my date George Kelly (a man I met in Washington when we were arrested at the Supreme Court) who came down from L.A. to see me in the parade. (I was torrid in a special car because I had been selected by the ParadeFest '88 committee as Mr. Inspiration '88) Anyhow, George and I wore matching tuxedos with lavender cumberbuns, ties, and boutonniers. We danced to the music of the Great American Yankee Swing Band--a 15-piece orchestra with a female vocalist--who sounded very much like the old Glenn Miller Band. What a hoot. George, who is about 12 years my junior, doesn't know much about swing dancing but I found a lesbian who was just great. We had great fun and every time we danced we nearly stopped the show. What fun!

However, the weekend was thoroughly exhausting and I was floored for a week after the events were all over, and am only just beginning to get my strength

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back. And I really need that strength now because I am very busy planning fund-raising events for the Archives. Our goal is raise enough money to be able to open a place by the end of the year where we can house the collection that is now in private homes throughout San Diego County. Of course, we have to purchase office equipment, recruit and train staff. Big job. And hundreds of thousands of dollars are needed. We are going to attempt to turn my birthday into a fund-raising party. I'll send you one of the invitations.

Anyhow, I'm having the time of my life. I hope all is well with you. Take care of one another.

Love in the struggle,

Jess